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SONGS TO HIM IN THE WAY AND POEMS



BY

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Dedicated
to My Mother
Mrs. Henry Clay McCaskill
Sour Lake, Texas



MOTHER

Dearer than life are you, dear mother,
To take your place there is no other.
While you are here let this be said,
I shall not wait till you are dead,
But what I have to you I'll give,
To help to cheer you while you live.

HIS NAME

His name shall be the first within this book,
Who gave me life eternal by one look;
At Him who died to save my soul from loss,
By paying all, I owed, upon the cross.

JESUS

One word expresses all the love of God,
It is not wholly seen, in air, and sea, and
cloud;
Nor do the lights of heaven, the whole of love
reveal,
We know Jehovah liveth, and that his love is
real.
The things we see about us, can only tell a part,
But when we look at Jesus, we see Jehovah's
heart.

GIVE YOUR FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

Give your flowers to the living,
Let us have them while we may.
What will be the need of giving,
After friends have passed away?

Chorus

Give your flowers to the living,
Let your kindness pass this way.
What will be the need of giving,
After friends have passed away?

Can we smell or see the roses,
Heaped upon the mounds of clay,
While the senseless eyes and noses,
In the tombs of earth decay?

If your sins have been forgiven,
Tell it to the lost each day.
You will win some souls to Heaven,
By the words that you may say.

THE BIBLE

The best of books, God's Book, to read,
Who in it looks should surely heed
It's promises and warnings too,
'Tis life eternal if you do.

But better had you ne'er been born,
Than treat that blessed Book with scorn.
For He who is revealed therein,
Alone has pow'r to cleanse from sin.

Your soul to Jesus Christ then give,
Who died that you might ever live,
And holding forth the Word of Life,
We'll settle many a sinful strife.

We'll give it to the entire world!
And keep the flag of truth unfurled,
That souls may see the world around,
Where life eternal can be found.

WONDERFUL LOVE!

'Twas wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
That brought Jesus down from those mansions
above.

'Twas wonderful, wonderful! How could it be?
To suffer and die for a sinner like me.

Chorus

Wonderful love, wonderful love, wonderful love,
That Jesus should die for a sinner like me!

So sinful, unworthy and wretched was I!
My soul was rebellious, deserving to die;
Yet Jesus, the Saviour, that I might go free,
Did suffer and die for a sinner like me.

I'll publish the story wherever I go!
I'll tell of the blood that makes whiter than snow,
That Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Did suffer and die for a sinner like me.

TRUSTING IN THEE

I came to my Saviour for cleansing within,
My soul was unhappy as sad as could be,
In mercy thou purgest away all my sin,
And now I am happy in Thee.

Chorus

Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee,
O what happiness now I see!
Trusting in Thee, trusting in Thee,
O how happy my soul!

I praise Thee, dear Jesus, for saving my soul,
My heart is so happy I cannot refrain
From telling to others that I am made whole,
And singing it over again.

I'll serve Thee forever, forever I'll bring
The best that I have, I most gladly will give,
To honor my Prophet, my Priest and my King,
Who maketh me ever to live.

DANGEROUS DELAY

If you reject the Lord today,
He may not call you any more.
How sad 'twould be to hear him say,
I'll knock no longer at your door.

I've asked you oft to let me in,
But you refused to make reply;
I leave you now in all your sin,
And your poor soul is doomed to die.

For he has loved your soul so well,
He did what no one else could do.
He died to save your soul from hell,
And you should surely love him too.

So come to him without delay,
While mercy still is offered you.
You can't afford to stay away,
Since he has been so kind and true.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL

Jesus' love my heart is swelling,
 Making all my path to shine,
Boundless love to me is telling
 How He gave His life for mine,
When upon the cross he suffered
 For a world of sinners lost,
Oh the soul how great its value!
 Jesus knew just what it cost.

Chorus

If we only knew the value of the sinner's soul,
When the blessed, blessed Saviour shed his blood
 to make it whole;
We would point the lost to Jesus while the fleeting
 moments roll,
If we only knew the value of the sinner's soul.

In the garden, hear him praying,
 God, the Father's only Son.
Listen and we hear Him saying,
 Not my will, but Thine, be done.
Willing for our sins to suffer,
 Since it was the Father's will,
Yes, for you and me, dear sinner,
 And His heart is loving still.

As He prays for those who kill Him,
 Proves again His love is true,
Asks the Father to forgive them,
 For they know not what they do.
Drops of blood the while are falling,
 As they sink into the earth,
Are but words of loving kindness,
 Telling sinners of their worth.

My God, why hast Thou me forsaken?
 We remember what He said,
Ere His spirit God had taken,
 As He suffered there and bled.
'Twas our sins that slew the Saviour,
 Drove the cruel thorns and nails,

Yet the love of blessed Jesus
Is a love that never fails.

How His heart is filled with sorrow,
When He sees the wicked men,
Who put off until tomorrow,
To be cleansed from awful sin,
For He knows the sinner's anguish,
When the Spirit turns away.
If you hear His voice, dear sinner,
Trust in Him without delay.

ASSURANCE

I'm sorry, Lord, that I ever sinned against Thee,
And I ask Thee now, have mercy and forgive me,
For I have transgressed, O so often!
So far have my feet gone astray;
But now I come to Thee repenting,
O, Lord, hear me now while I pray!

I'm happy, Lord, because I am forgiven,
By faith in Thee, my hope is sure of Heaven,
For I shall still trust in Thy mercy;
Thou diedst our poor souls to save,
To justify us, O dear Saviour,
Thou didst triumph over the grave.

Ascended high, Thou pleadest now in glory,
To God for us, so says the sacred story,
And God hears Thy sweet intercession,
And lets us live, by faith in Thee,
Who's quick to forgive those repenting,
And save for eternity.

THE PURPOSE OF THESE VERSES

I write these verses first of all
To honor Him who gives me all.
If some good you find in these,
I wish you would tell others, please,
And I'll be grateful for the same,
For much we find in a good name.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND

There is a Friend who loves you yet,
When other friends your name forget,
But He is always kind and true,
And keeps His loving eyes on you.

This Friend is Jesus, bless His name,
To save your soul, from Heaven he came,
And died upon the cruel cross,
And saved you from eternal loss.

O blessed is the thought of Him!
Who is to wear the diadem.
Our choicest songs to Him we raise,
He's worthy of the highest praise.

THE CHURCH OF GOD ARISEN

With holy purpose in her eyes,
I see the Church of God arise,
And give the gospel to the world,
With all her strength at Satan hurled.

She marches on triumphantly,
For God gives her the victory,
For she at last has realized,
What Jesus meant when sacrificed.

And nothing stops her sweet career,
Till Christ, her Saviour, does appear,
And catches up His holy Bride,
For whom He suffered, bled and died.

And coming to the earth with Him,
She crowns Him with the diadem,
And Jesus is the Lord of all,
Because His Church has heard His call.

With ev'rything beneath His rod,
He turns the kingdom back to God,
That God may be the all in all,
Just as He was before the fall.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

O the world is full of sadness,
For so many people die,
But my heart is full of gladness,
When I think of Him on high!

Who has made the great provision,
In the blessed Crucified,
For the souls who make decision,
To have all their needs supplied.

Lead me onward, blessed Master,
To the peace of greatest need;
Give me grace and make me pastor,
Where the hungry souls may feed.

Lead me where the people dying,
Ere they go beneath the sod,
Help me point the sad and crying
To the blessed Lamb of God.

THE SEA

I touch you here, you touch all lands!
You cannot feel my warmth of hands.
I feel your breath—your chilly wave,
When you say Death! what pow'r can save?
Ah, yes, there's One, who walked the sea!
God's only Son, of Galilee;
For winds and waves obey His will,
When Jesus sayeth, "Peace, be still!"

A PROPHECY

Now swift wing'd birds
Bear Christ's sweet words
Unto all lands, as He commands.
They run on land, they sail on sea,
And find lost souls where'er they be;
Till ev'ry one has heard of Him,
Who gave His Son, to die for them.

PEACE THROUGH THE PRINCE OF PEACE

Peace for the world, dear Lord, we pray,
Peace, when the Lord shall have His way,
Peace 'twill last on the earth for aye,
 Peace through the Prince of Peace.

Peace through the Lamb that once was slain,
Peace through the blood that cleanseth stain,
Peace when the cry is not in vain,
 Peace through the Prince of Peace.

Peace when we all shall love and live,
Peace that the world can never give,
Peace that the world alone should have,
 Peace through the Prince of Peace.

ONE MAN

If one man hath his soul uplift by song,
Hath learned to love the right and hate the wrong,
 The poet hath not failed.
And while we live be this our theme,
To tell how one Man to redeem
 A sinful world did die,
Till all the world has heard the news,
Salvation cometh from the Jews,
And Jew and Gentile shall believe,
And everlasting life receive.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

Let men say what they will,
I will bless them still,
Let them do what they may,
I will for them pray.
For the Saviour above,
Show'd His wonderful love,
When he prayed for His foes,
In the midst of His throes.
With His love I will be,
Sure of victory.

A WONDER

We are such awful sinners,
'Tis a wonder God would save,
Men curse men, traduce and slander,
O how badly we behave!
Yet the blessed God who sees us,
In His love for fallen men,
Takes us when we trust in Jesus
And forgiveth all our sins.
Let us laud His name forever,
And His matchless love proclaim,
Nothing from His love can sever,
Blessed be the Saviour's name.

JOY!

There is joy with each tomorrow,
For life is but a plan,
And I would not live in sorrow,
But only live for man!

For the day hath a thousand roses,
The service is so sweet,
For I'm oft on the mount with Moses,
And down at the Saviour's feet!

And I'm rich with my rosy treasure,
For love I see Divine,
And I thank my God for pleasure,
That I know is His and mine!

THE GREATEST QUESTION

Without Christ's blood to make us whole,
We gain the world and lose the soul,
What profit have we then in this,
Apart from God and love and bliss?
The soul so dear? some say 'tis strange,
But what can man give in exchange?

HEAVEN

Not a soul shall live without the will of God,
Not a head shall fall to bow beneath His rod;
Not a soul shall love but loves God's only Son,
Not a tongue shall speak but tell what he has done;
Not a thing we do but that shall honor Him,
Not a flaw shall mar His royal diadem;
Not a soul shall sing, but with ecstatic joy,
Not a gift we bring but God will that employ;
Not a sin shall enter that sweet land of love,
Not a soul but is as harmless as a dove;
Not a tear but God shall wipe all tears away,
Ah! call it Heav'n, for it's where God's people stay.

CHRIST'S DEITY PROVEN

With heart too great to carry hate,
Christ lived his life of love,
And always proved, where'er he moved,
That He was from above.

The words He spoke that broke Sin's yoke,
And set the servant free,
And caused the sick to rise so quick,
Proclaimed His Deity.

The words He said that raised the dead,
And calmed the raging sea,
When tempest tossed and hope was lost,
Showed His Divinity.

The lame that walked, the dumb that talked,
The blinded eyes that saw,
The deaf that heard at His dear word,
Show One without a flaw.

The death He died when crucified,
His triumph o'er the grave,
Show him the One, who is God's Son,
And has the power to save.

DEVELOPMENT

I know not all the future holds,
I only know my life unfolds,
 A petal to the sun each day,
 For I am blest each time I pray.
And when the full bloom rose is done,
I'll give all honor to the Son.

THE LAND OF GOD

How lovely is that land of God,
Where Jesus' blessed feet have trod,
 And many a miracle was wrought
 By Him who preached and pray'd and taught,

And many a sinful heart was stirred,
And took the Saviour at His word,
 And found eternal life in Him,
 Who prov'd the Light of life to them.

And that dear sea of Galilee
On which he walked and where he talked,
 And bade good cheer as he drew near,
 To those dear ones who were God's sons,
And calmed the sea of Galilee.

And Jordan with its verdant banks,
For which we ever will give thanks,
 Where Jesus was baptized within,
 He who was just and knew no sin.

And many a mountain heaven blest,
That speaks of that eternal rest,
 Awaiting those who love the Lord,
 Who'll find in Heaven their reward.

And Calvary and Olivet,
We think of their sweet story yet,
 How Jesus died and went above,
 And intercedes to God with love,
And coming back will reign for aye,
As does the blessed Bible say.

A WOMAN'S HEART

A woman's heart when full of love,
Is nearest like the One above,
A woman's heart when full of evil,
Is next thing to the very Devil.

COME OUT IN THE SUNSHINE OF GOD'S LOVE

Come out in the sunshine of God's love,
Don't sit in the shade with your eyes cast down;
Rejoice with a smile, look up above,
Drive away from your face that horrid frown.

Thy God hath redeemed thee, sing His praise,
Do some kind deed and the day is bright;
Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice always,
Earth hath no gloom when the heart is light.

Some poor lost soul to the Saviour lead,
And make thy life like the shining sun.
'Tis love and work that soul doth need,
'Tis life to live on the deeds well done.

PERSISTENCE

Say not tomorrow will be sunshine, I will labor
then,
But work today and seek some soul to win.
The Devil works through sunshine and through
rain,
He does not stop no matter if 'tis warm or cold,
O'er muddy streets his cohorts go,
To keep some sinner hellward bound.
Nor do they move with languid step or slow,
But swift as hawks they move to do his will.
And if perchance a soul should look,
Upon the pages of that Book,
They fain would drive him on without,
And fill his sinful soul with doubt,
Agog to see his soul in hell,
And shake the prison with a yell.

THE HUMAN AND THE DIVINE HAND

The poet's pen, the artist's brush,
Can picture man to human eyes,
But God can cause the cheek to flush,
And give the soul that never dies.
However well they do their part,
The work of God surpasses art,
And we must bow beneath His wand,
We find perfection 'neath His hand,
And things we cannot understand,
Because He is divine, and makes the
planets shine.

GRATITUDE

'Tis raining without, but shining within,
All things are fair but crimson sin.
My sins were red, but now as wool,
For this I sing, my heart is full.

A DREAM

I dream'd I saw the leaves all dead and brown,
I said farewell to summer and did cry,
Because the chill of frost had brought them down
And we like them alas some day must die.
I woke and found the leaves all living green,
For summer reigned instead of dead'ning fall.
My heart was happy as I saw the scene,
For Christ's redeem'd had crown'd Him Lord
of all.

MAN

Short lifed creature of the dust,
A soul to put in God its trust.
His little life is for a day,
Then back to dust he must decay,
But even that must God obey,
His spirit liveth on for aye.
Immortal man, God's perfect plan!

THE RATTLESNAKE

Thou king of serpents, dread of earth,
Whose very tooth is cruel death,
One warning from thy quiv'ring tail,
Would turn away a coat of mail.

All are not kind as thee to warn,
But some will strike us when we turn,
And of such creatures we beware,
Who seek to slay us in a snare.

One ev'ning as I went my way,
I met thee in a pasture gray,
And fleeing thou didst touch my foot,
But hadst not time thy fangs to put.

And 'neath some underbrush mesquite,
Thou didst warn me with music sweet.
I walked around with stick in hand,
I could not tell just where to stand.
Thy circled form I could not see,
Else I had made an end of thee.

And since I've looked on thee as kind,
Thou warnest all except when blind,
And then thou canst not see who's near,
Thou strikest then because of fear.

Alas! for thee, thou wise old snake!
When passing thee we'll keep awake,
Thy circled form and glassy eyes,
Will make the spirit in us rise,
And 'neath the stick the head must break,
We are content when life we take.

But when did all this war begin?
Back yonder in the garden when
Our parents fell.
Man killeth man; the earth is red;
For millions slumber with the dead.

But when shall all this warfare end,
And earth become to Christ a friend?

When Christ shall conquer all his foes,
And put an end to serpent blows,
And nature's tamed to do His will,
And men shall say, "Thou shalt not kill."

THE LORD'S LEADING

The Lord has kept me on the move,
Lest I should run within a groove,
And wholly inefficient prove,
By thinking on one thing too much,
I'd lose the sense of higher touch.

For I have had thoughts here and there,
That blossom'd into poems fair,
And songs of praise and even pray'r.
So I am satisfied to be,
Wherever Jesus leadeth me.

THE NOXIOUS WEED

When selfishness goes to seed,
It is a noxious weed,
Bad for the land,
And cannot stand.
God cuts it down;
It is not mown,
But burned in fire,
For something higher;
To take its place,
And bless the race.

FAITH

How quickly does it rain some, out.
There is no pain, alas, like doubt!
Faith goes through all and wins the day;
It hears God's call and can't say nay.

THE PREACHER

He preacheth well who liveth well,
His words are actions wrought in love,
His very deeds of kindness tell,
That he has been with God above.

He thinketh higher than the earth,
He thinketh like the Son of God,
He is a man of royal birth,
And knoweth how to pray and plod.

He winneth souls for he is wise,
He preacheth well the crucified,
The love of Jesus lights his eyes,
And sinners trust the Christ who died.

WORTH WHILE WORDS

What can I say that is worth while?
Not that 'twill simply make us smile,
But that 'twill bring the heart and soul
Beneath the Saviour's sweet control.

Ah well, it is redeeming love!
Of how God sent from heav'n above
His only Son, for us to die,
That we might live, both you and I.

What wondrous love, my Lord, is this?
That gives repenting sinners bliss,
And makes us sing Thy matchless praise,
And love and serve Thee, Lord, always.

WINTER

Winter is here and still its not cold,
Nor will be severe for he is not bold,
But short and sweet and easy to meet.
But clattering teeth he throws on the heath,
Or fixeth the faulty with silver or gold.
By many long winters we've been distrest,
But this is the Winter we all love best.

MY LITTLE BROTHER

A little coffin, by some humble farmers made,
But in that little coffin was my little brother laid.
His birth untimely, he the light of day ne'er saw,
So swift his flight to heaven, he never found a flaw.
And from that grave they covered, his body shall
arise,
On the resurrection morning to meet Christ in the
skies.

I shall never, never worry since he is resting there,
Tho he was in such a hurry to go to his home so
fair.

THE PRICE OF GREATNESS

Who needs must be on rations fed,
May go e'en to the nation's head,
Or preach like Spurgeon did of old,
Despite his lack of lands and gold.

O, Harding, thou hard-working boy!
We tell thy glorious deeds with joy;
From farming to the White House chair,
The greatest honor thou couldst share.

Along with Lincoln, Washington,
In deeds of greatness thou hast done.
'Twas calling men to limit arms,
That gave thy name its world-wide charms.

For God doth bless the sons of peace,
Who pray and work for war to cease,
And in our mem'ries they will live,
For what God chooses them to give.

It was hard work that brought thee up,
And not the wealth of Fortune's cup;
And Giles and Bridge may be as great,
By working early, hard and late.

Who climbs to greatness pays the price,
And people say it's very nice,
But if you get there you will find,
You'll surely have to change your mind.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

No one knows a mother's love,
Except the God of heav'n above,
Who made the mother's tender heart,
And knows how well she does her part.

She suffers untold love for her's,
And e'en the heart of nature stirs,
And proves a friend unto the last,
E'en when return of love is passed.

THE IDEAL

I chased a gaudy butterfly,
And closer to it drew;
But ev'ry time my hand was nigh,
Away the creature flew.

I chased it over hill and plain,
It looked so pretty there;
But still my chase was all in vain,
It wandered everywhere.

O pretty, gaudy butterfly!
You still evade my grasp;
You leave me and I stand and cry,
Still wishing you to clasp.

I'll have you by and by, some day,
And hold you in my hand,
And you shall ever with me stay,
In all your beauty grand!

Alas! Alas! We often chase,
Those gaudy butterflies,
But they are in another place
Before we realize.

But we shall be some day with Thee,
Who makest visions real!
Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary,
Who art the soul's ideal.

THE NEGRO PEOPLE

The negro people none should hate,
For God has made that people great,
For melody and harmony,
Those minor keys in ebony.

Their plaintive songs have touched the soul,
And many a spirit's been made whole
By list'ning to the songs they sing,
And brought much honor to the King.

For when emotion would arise,
They kept the tears back from their eyes,
And gave some loving words instead,
And gladly earned their daily bread.

With faith in God who led them out,
And banished ev'ry form of doubt,
And ev'rything that did enthral,
They crown'd their Saviour Lord of all.

THE WONDERFUL WOMAN

What can a woman do?
 Nobody knows;
When she's a Christian too,
 How much it shows!

She works both night and day,
 To keep things right at home;
And shows the lost the way,
 That they no longer roam.

And helps to send the Word,
 Where she can never go;
That those who haven't heard,
 The blessed truth may know.

She is the world's great hope,
 God give us Christian mothers;
Who lead all in their scope,
 To live their lives for others.

GOD'S MASTERPIECE

God's masterpiece is love,
It came from heav'n above.
 He painted on the cross,
 To save the soul from loss.
The paint he used was pain,
But not one touch in vain.
 It yielded itself up,
 Tho bitter was the cup.
It is perfection sweet,
None can with him compete.
 'Twas hidden from the sight,
 But came again to light.
And oft did it appear,
To His disciples dear.
 He took it from the sight,
 And placed it at His right.
As there it intercedes,
He meets our daily needs.
 Who looks upon it lives,
 Eternal life it gives.
When all are told its worth,
Its coming back to earth.
 But never to depart,
 God's masterpiece of art.
His fame will last for aye,
For what He did that day.

WINTER

The leaves were dancing to the music of the wind,
The summer gone, the autumn at an end,
 The farmer'd gather'd in his golden wheat,
The bee had stor'd away its nectar sweet,
The squirrel treasur'd up its nuts to eat,
All were prepar'd for rain, a snow or sleet.
The snow from out the sky began to fall,
And spread its icy mantle over all.
So is my soul prepar'd for winter's chilly blast,
The Saviour has declar'd he'd keep me till its past,
And I shall go at last to be with Him,
Who is to wear the royal diadem.

THREE FRIENDS

Three friends I cherish,
Kuenne, Winter and Gerrish.
In memories hall,
I will keep them all.
Ah! beloved friends, three,
You may count on me!

A CALL TO EVANGELIZATION

Love girds the earth, the love of God,
Where'er the feet of mortals plod,
There love is found.
But Christian souls it must be told if men believe.
Men still unto their idols bow,
And sad the thought that even now,
O'er half the world in darkness is.
Go forth, O Christian, let the world receive
The story of the cross!
I will, O Lord, send me!
And may the prompt response go round,
Until the world shall see
The Christ on Calvary.

THE FAMILY

Ella, Elliott, Daisy, Adrian,
Who was named for the gen'ral, Hadrian.
Asa, Jeff, Grover, John,
But a wee babe has passed on.
Matt, the last, who is the boy,
He is married and I may be.
Henry and Fanny, but father is dead,
And Elliot, too, as I have said.
Two daughters and eight sons,
This is how the fam'ly runs.
Eight are living, and two are dead,
Including father, three instead.
Out of the ten, only six were wed,
And mother's a widow, who mourns her
dead.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY

I've never had a friend,
That the Devil didn't try,
In a thousand devious ways,
Our hearts apart to pry.
But I know, God is love,
And holds true friendship's tie,
So I still look above,
And on his strength rely.

DISPLACEMENT

Say, Missis Cat! Did you see that rat?
I saw one run just under the chair.
Had you been quick, you'd had your pick,
Not only one, I saw a pair.

Say, Missis Dog! Do you see that hog?
He's rooting up the flowers fair.
If you'll be quick, you'll have your pick,
For I see more than one out there.

But Missis Cat and Missis Dog
Are lifeless as a rotten log;
And will not lift one foot to chase,
When nuisances are on the place.

Such things as these had better be
Down at the bottom of the sea,
And let some other ones be here,
To keep the place from nuisance clear.

So is the world, too, better off,
When people do not rise and scoff
At evils when they come around,
But let them nest upon the ground.

When such lax creatures are displaced,
And homes are by the worthy graced,
Who let the Son of God come in,
And cast out ev'ry kind of sin.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY

I've never had a friend,
That the Devil didn't try,
Our friendship soon to end,
By breaking love's sweet tie.
But I know God is love,
And holds love's tender cord,
So I still look above,
And trust in Christ the Lord.

GOD'S GOODNESS

O God Thou art so good to men,
Supplying all their needs!
And yet some wander on in sin,
Committing evil deeds.

Thou givest bread from thine own hand,
 To helpless babes of earth;
And yet men cannot understand,
 How much their souls are worth.

Thou givest drink to cool the lip,
 Refreshing ev'ry day,
Men from Thy cup of goodness sip,
 Then from Thee turn away.

Thou givest sleep to rest the mind,
 When daily work is o'er,
And God, Thou art so wondrous kind,
 Thy blessings freely pour.

Thou off'rest them the Bread of life,
 But they so oft refuse;
Preferring sorrow, sin and strife,
 And life eternal lose.

I'm glad I heard Thy Goodness call,
 And trusted Lord, in Thee;
And crown'd Thee, Saviour Lord of all,
 Who gave Thyself for me.

ELLA LEE

Ella Lee, is to me, fairer than the noonday sun,
When I think to write with ink of the good that
she has done.

She has nursed the sick and weary,
But her life has not been dreary,
Looking on the side that's bright,
She has always loved the light,
Pointing sinners to the Son,
Who can save the foulest one.
She has always brought good cheer,
Like the blessed Saviour dear.

She has been a faithful sister,
O, how I so oft have missed her!
I will see you, Missis Burch,
Down at the First Baptist church,
Taking part in ev'rything,
That will honor Christ the King,
You and Mister Burch and Tom,
Singing David's sweetest psalm.

A DEAR, DEAR SOUL

There's a dear, dear soul whom I oft'n see,
Who is more than all the world to me,
For the dear, dear soul knows the path I tread,
That I by the hand of the Lord am led.

And the dear, dear soul sympathizes too,
When there is some work that I needs must do,
And the cold, cold world criticizes when,
I talk to the lost, lost souls of men.

And the dear, dear soul cheers my heart each day,
By the kind, kind words that he has to say.
So the dear, dear soul shall be first always,
When I come to the works of men to praise,
For he does good work and he works with vim.
Should I not tell the wide, wide world of him.

ELLIOTT

We miss you, Elliott, at the hour of pray'r,
 'Twas heaven to see you kneeling there.
You walked so humbly with your God,
 He took you from this sinful sod.

A FRIEND

I would not annoy thee because I enjoy thee,
Oh soul of sweet souls so lovely thou art!
I never could doubt thee nor would be without
 thee,
Oh friend of good friends I'm loath to depart!
With smiles I shall greet thee wherever I meet
 thee,
Oh man among men, the joy of my heart!

THE LADIES OF T. B. C.

And here's to the ladies of T. B. C.,
Of all the fair creatures there're none like thee;
You've fed us and led us the whole year round,
And now my dear ladies may sweet peace abound.
You've styl'd and smil'd but never a frown,
And so the men think you deserve each a crown.
You have our affections, you've touch'd ev'ry
 heart,
Ther've been no objections to queens as thou art.
We thank you dear ladies for doing your part,
Displaying your skill in the culinary art,
And when you shall fold your pinions for rest,
We hope we'll be with you as happy and blest.

THE STONE BIBLE CLASS

The flowers of friendship bloom where'r thou art,
 art,
There's always room within thy loving heart,
And I have found thee growing lovelier still.
Because thou dost always delight to do God's will.

THINKING

Thinking, thinking, thinking is he,
Not of himself and not of me.
Thinking, thinking, thinking I know,
Not of the cold and falling snow,
But what he may do or where he may go
To lighten some heavy load of woe.
Thinking, thinking I see,
Thinking, thinking eternally.

THE WOMAN WHO FORGOT

A staid old maid sat in the shade,
And said she'd never be
The wife of man, if she could plan
Her future destiny.
Forgetting all, she makes a call,
And tells him how she loves,
And now you see, both he and she
Are happy as two doves.

LOVE AT SIGHT

She looked at me,
I looked at her,
And so our hearts began to stir,
And this is how our love began,
But the result was wife and man.

I LOVE YOU

I love you, yes, I love you,
But just why I cannot tell.
I love you, yes, I love you,
And I know I love you well.

I love you, yes, I love you,
Though I do not even try.
I love, Oh I love you,
And I'll love you till I die!

ARTHUR BURTELSON

And here's to the man with Sunday school fame,
With eyes like a raven and hair like a flame,
With cheeks like the roses and teeth like the
pearls.

We say he's good looking and so say the girls.

THE WILCOXES

Missis Wilcox, Nellie and Ross,
And I wonder which one of these is boss,
Or whether they all agree as one,
And work till all of the work is done;
I say they do, for they are true,
With the love of mother, daughter, son.

And Ave and Lloyd, are well employed,
And some I do not know,
But just the same they're of that name,
And each do kindness show.
And some win souls, for God controls
And takes delight in them,
And they are bless'd, and the distress'd,
They always point to Him.

STROUSE

God bless you Strouse within the house,
Of Thy sweet soul;
I see thee there in Christ so fair,
For thou art ev'ry whit made whole.

Thy souls desire to lift Christ higher,
Has of thy burdens made thee wings,
With which to mount where labors count,
In spite of seem to hinder things.

Then praise the Lord for this reward,
A foretaste of what is to be,
When all is given for which you've striven,
By Him who gave Himself for thee,
Who will be king and thou shalt sing
His praises in eternity.

THE NEGRO BACHELOR'S PROPOSAL

I've shet de do' an' said it wudden do,
To try to keep house widout you.
Ef you say you'll be my bride,
After dat matrimon'al knot am tied,
We'll jump on de train an' take a long ride,
An' we won't come back frum de honey moon,
Till some time yonner in way nex' June;
But after dat honeymoon am o',
We'll come back an' open de do',
An' we will live in dat little house,
An' be jest es happy es a cat an' er mouse.

I do not mean irreverence in the prayer here.

THE NEGRO THANKSGIVING

De turkey am awaitin' to be carved,
An' we has waited 'till we's almost starved,
Now fol' yo han's an' bow yo hade,
For we must wait till de blessins am saude.

We thank you Lawd fur what you give,
An' help us dily fur you live.
We's glad to see dis day agin,
We thank you Lawd an' say amen.

Now nigger don' yer make dem slices thin,
Or I'm gwinter pass my plate agin,
Here mammy let me put dis on yo plate,
I know you can't no longer wait.

I know you niggers am not afraid,
So pass dat gravy an pass dat braid,
An' let dat turkey come down de line,
An' don't count de niggers case dey aint but nine.

De pies an' de puddins am lookin fine,
An I wonder which won er dem cakes is mine,
I'm jes es happy es I kin be,
Wid all dese victals in fron' of me;
Now I'm goner eat till I git fru,
I don't ker what you niggers do.

CHOP DAT COTTON AN' HOE DAT CORN

Chop dat cotton an' hoe dat corn,
An don't you stop till you hear dat horn,
Which sounds so sweet in de middle ob de day,
But you aint got long at de house to stay.

O whar you gwine wid dat big hoss?
Now don't you ride him cepin you ax dat boss,
Or he'll git you as sho's you born,
Ef you don't go back an' hoe dat corn.

Chop dat cotton an' hoe dat corn,
We won't git fru 'till tomorrow morn,
An' we'll go off an' fish er while,
Now see dem niggers begin to smile.

THE BLUNDERBUSS

The blunderbuss doth make a fuss,
But little harm can the blunderbuss do,
And that's the way with some of us,
Especially me and you.

WEE BIRDIE

Wee birdie had a nestie
Under cotton stalk,
Cruel hoe did strike its breastie,
But it couldn't talk.
Off it flew into the westie,
Crying as it went;
'Twas a pity to molestie,
But an accident.
Wee birdie, I've a wordie,
That would ease thine heart,
If thine ears had never heardie,
I would it impart:
Wee birdie, 'tis a wordie
Cometh from above,
And my heart hath often stirdie,
For that word is love.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows whether I should marry or not?
Then do not worry about my lot,
Maybe I can and maybe I can't,
Maybe I shall and maybe I shan't,
Maybe I should and maybe I shouldn't,
Maybe I could and maybe I wouldn't.

B. Y. P. U. YELL

Put them in the cars, haul them around,
A better crowd of young people can't be found!
If you don't believe it just come to town,
And we'll do something that will make you frown.
For you'll sit around and fume and fuss,
Because you can't do just like us!

Ponsford! Park Rapids!

CHEER UP!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Mister Robin's lays
Bid us cheer up, cheer up, with a song of praise!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, for the winter's past,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Spring has come at
last!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Jesus said the words,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, God doth feed the
birds!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, He will feed you too,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, be not sad nor blue!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, for the flowers bloom,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Jesus broke the
tomb!

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, work and watch and
pray,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, Christians live for
aye!

DESTINY

As flow the rivers to the mighty sea,
So flow our lives into Eternity;
God grant the ocean into which they flow,
 be love,
So shall we meet our Saviour, home above.

MISTER STONE

And here's to the man with the silvery hair,
And eyes that surprise with a brown that is rare,
And a face with the grace of a day that's fair,
And a voice to rejoice like the sea's understone,
The man we admire, our belov'd Mr. Stone.

THE MOLE

They say the mole ne'er ope's its eyes,
Until the moment ere it dies,
And, sinner, would you be unwise,
As not to pray before that day.
God grant thee wisdom at this hour,
To yield unto that Healing Power;
'Twill open thy poor eyes to see,
The blessed Christ who died for thee,
And find in Him a resting place,
Wrought by the wonders of His grace.

WELCOME, ROBIN!

Come in, sweet bird, with thy kind word,
We need thee here, with thy good cheer.
Make us ashamed when we have blamed,
And did not pray for men that stray.
Earth owes to thee much jollity;
And would be poor to close the door.
Help us be kind to all we find;
Thrice welcome guest, here build thy nest;
And raise thy young, be not unsung;
Abide with us, and we'll not fuss.
Our home shall be a home for thee.

A LITTLE SPARROW HAWK

I saw a little sparrow hawk upon a thorny tree,
I wonder'd if the bird could talk if it would say to
me:

“You're passing by, but I'll not fly if you will let
me be.”

And so I let the bird alone, it seem'd so very fair,
A little king upon his throne, still swaying in the
air.

But when it came or when it went I did not even
know,

I only know the bird was sent to teach me this to
show.

MISSIS ROBIN

Up upon my window sill, Missis Robin builds at
will;

Works on Sunday, just the same; She knows not
the Sabbath's name;

Days are just alike to her, on Sunday then her
wings must whirr.

Missis Robin doesn't quit 'till she has completed it,
Then her eggs in it she lays, and upon her nest
she stays,

'Till she has her little brood, and she goes and
brings them food,

'Till they grow so they can fly, then her children
say goodbye,

And off they go to plain and tree, and they live so
happily.

There's a lesson here for us, that we should not
fume nor fuss,

For the days so soon will come, when we, too, will
leave the home.

Let's be kind to one another, and especially to
mother,

Who has nourished us with food, as the mother
bird her brood.

BILL'S BIRD

Bill has a bird that just a word will bring,
And those who've heard have said that bird can
sing!

He perches on her head and stays,
And warbles while she sings and plays.
But ah! his trills and runs how sweet!
I wish I could his notes repeat,
I'd sing until my dying day,
If I could get someone to play;
That saffron-colored little thing,
The sweetest warbler on the wing.

APRIL THIRD

'Twas April third, but not a bird would sing,
But thought it bold, when 'twas so cold, to sound
a note of spring.
They hid away, within the hay, content to silent be
'Till verdure clad would make them glad to sing
with ecstacy.

HANSEN

Dear Hansen: When I think of thee,
Your smiling face methinks I see;
Your countenance so brightly beams,
It makes my life more than my dreams!

LITTLE FALLS

Little Falls, thy sacred halls
Shall ever in our mem'ries be.
Your people made us not afraid,
But welcom'd us with ecstacy.

The Mississippi tumbles down,
But seldom does a human drown,
For those who walk its banks with care,
Are hedg'd about with silent prayer.
B. Y. P. U.'s let us remind,
That Little Falls is very kind.

THE FALLEN LOCUST

Poor lowly creature as thou art,
Down in the dust I will pick thee up,
Thy sad estate hath touch'd my heart,
To share with thee thy bitter cup.
Now fly away and be at ease,
And make thy home among the trees,
And fall no more into the dust,
Till death shall claim thee and thou must.

MISS CAMP

(Dedicated to Miss Evalyn Camp, Missionary to
Osaka, Japan.)

Miss Camp: Our pray'rs will be for thee,
While you sail o'er the deep blue sea;
And while you preach Christ in Japan,
We'll help you, for we know we can,
By sending other workers there,
The blessed work with thee to share,
That all for which you've pray'd and striv'n,
By Him who loves you may be giv'n,
That souls to Jesus may be won,
And praise the Father and the Son.

HASSELBLAD

Dear Brother Hasselblad:
We were very, very glad,
For the blessed time we had,
List'ning to the wondrous story,
How the Lord came down from glory,
And did die upon the cross,
That we might not suffer loss.
And he is the church's head—
He, the first-born from the dead—
That in all things He might be,
Pre-eminent as now we see.
We were thankful for the thought,
That you on that morning brought.

PONSFORD

What can I say of Ponsford town?
Some of its people still look down,
But some look up unto the cross,
That saves us from eternal loss,
And pray that unsav'd ones may see,
The Lamb of God who makes us free.

Some have believed because we pray'd,
And sacrifices have been made
To give the Gospel to the world,
And keep His banner still unfurl'd.

McKEE

God bless you, dear McKee,
God spoke to us thru thee.
You preached that Christ alone,
Did for our sins atone,
By dying on the cross,
To save our souls from loss.

When we in Him believed,
We life for aye received.
We'll ne'er forget the sight
Of those who stood that night,
And gave up all to Him,
Who did so much for them;
And God blessed you and me,
And all who heard McKee!

SATISFACTION

Would you ever be satisfied with things,
If you had all the wealth that the nation brings?
If you had all the silver and the gold,
Your heart would still be very cold.
If you had everything that money could buy,
You'd find it would not satisfy;
If you had all the earth, you'd then want Mars,
The sun and moon, and all the stars.
You are not satisfied with things,
But with the Christ, the King of kings.

POPULARITY

O soul that once a met'or shined,
The world did fix its gaze on thee!
But when that flying star declined,
What of its former brilliancy?

One thoughtless deed, then darkest shame,
Then where Oh where was thy fair name?
A life was wrecked, a soul besmirched,
A friend? In vain the world was searched.

But One who died upon the tree,
Said, "Come, O sinner, unto Me!"
Thou didst repent, rejoice wast free,
And praise the Man of Galilee;
And all the souls that thou hast won,
Will make shine forth as the sun.

SPEAK NOT UNKINDLY

Keep back the unkind word,
Hold fast thy tongue,
No heart is what it was,
Before 'twas stung.
Words sting like bees,
The stings remain,
Till kindness frees
They pain, they pain.

Who would from wounding men be free,
Must speak his words then lovingly.
Far better had our hearts ne'er bled,
By words that were unkindly said.

SECLUSION

Away from the curious eyes of man,
Where I can think and pray and plan;
Away from the noise of crowded street,
Away from the sound of human feet;
But here in the night with God I meet,
He sends me back to man, to help him all I can.

MONEY

We hold it with a clutch,
And say it counts for much;
A lifeless thing, with just a ring,
It cannot buy, that which is high,
But things of earth are all its worth;
For man is more than golden ore,
Or diamonds e'en, when he is seen.
Bought with the blood of Calvary's flood.
Spend money then, to help all men!
Make good its use without excuse.

A LESSON

The heavens drop reviving rain,
But not one drop e'er falls in vain;
It cools some thirsting soul or plant,
Or causes some poor bird to chant;
And some poor creature, great or small,
Is grateful when the raindrops fall;
But should not we the most of all,
Be grateful when God's blessings fall?

GIVE MILLIONS TO MISSIONS

Give millions to missions,
Why thousands, O men?
The're millions of heathen
In bondage to sin;
Yea, millions by hundreds,
Who know not the way,
Who bow down to idols
Their prayers to say,
Who serve sin for wages,
Yea, death is their hire,
Unless they find Jesus,
The nations' Desire.
Oh help us disciple
The nations of earth,
The blood of the cross
Is their infinite worth!

MY VICTIM

Who falls a victim to my pen,
May simply smile or even grin,
Or keep the face free from a dint,
While looking at the name in print,
And think, what does that fellow mean?
He is the boldest one I've seen.

THE LORD'S COMMISSION

Go, said the Master, go and make
Disciples of all nations,
The last words that the Saviour spake,
A call to world-wide missions.
In the name of the Father and the Son,
Of the Holy Ghost baptize them;
All things I taught you to observe,
Teach them also to observe them,
And lo, I'm with you all the days
Until the age is ended,
And we who claim His lo always,
Must do as He commanded.

I THIRST!

I turn my thoughts to Jesus first,
When on the cross He said, "I thirst!"
Whose thirst has ne'er been satisfied,
For millions do not know He died,
To save their souls from endless hell,
Because they have no one to tell
Them of His matchless love.

Then let us prove to Christ a friend
And through the earth the Gospel send;
Or go ourselves if he should call,
Forsake our friends and homes and all,
And gladly do as he commands,
And preach His truth in foreign lands,
Or anywhere He calls.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas bells are ringing,
Ringing ev'rywhere,
Little children singing,
Praising Jesus dear.

Lovely little stranger,
O, the thought of Him,
Born within a manger,
Yet for diadem!

He is all the pleasure,
That is worth the while;
Bring Him heart and treasure,
Serve with sunny smile.

A GOOD MAN

You can't keep a good man down,
No matter how much you frown;
For he'll begin with a lively grin,
And win at last the crown.

Then shame on you, when he is thru,
He'll laugh at your poor plan;
When he's on top, you'll have to stop,
And say, "There is a man."

DOES IT PAY TO GIVE THE TENTH?

Does it pay to give the tenth?
Well, what do you say?
I say yes, it certainly does pay;
The Lord doth bless me ev'ry day.
I had no house in which to live,
But said, the tenth I'd surely give;
I gave the tenth and more, and He
Provided so abundantly.
He gave me house and money too,
Now that is what the Lord did do.

(This is an actual experience)

I DARE NOT

To lift my pen without God's aid,
I know I'd surely be afraid,
Lest it should surely from me fall,
And I would be nothing at all.

REWARD

How much alike my verses are,
But he who sees God's guiding star,
And follows on to where He is,
Will find that heaven will be his.

VANITY

I know I saw thee turn aside,
To keep from meeting me;
I was so shamed that I did hide,
To keep from meeting thee.

What did you gain for being vain,
Or I for being too?
So, let's be kind, when each we find,
And do as men should do.

MAKE ME OVER, LORD!

Make me over, Lord; I'm a vessel marred,
Break me quickly, Lord, ere the clay is hard.
Shape me rightly, Lord, as I ought to be;
I will yield to the slightest touch of Thee.

For I know if I still have my own way,
I will be but a useless piece of clay,
And not show a trace of the Master's skill,
Unless I shall yield to my Lord's sweet will.

Make me fit, dear Lord, for the service Thine,
That the people may see Thy hand divine,
That the Father may be glorified in Thee,
When Thy handiwork is seen in me.

THE WAY UP

The way up is down,
We must stoop for the crown;
Tho' people may laud us,
Christ will not reward us,
Unless we shall labor with Him.
For He came from heaven,
And His life was given,
To save the most wretched from hell;
But now He's exalted,
On high He is seated,
And hosts of redeemed ones His praises now swell.

GO TO THE TOP!

Go to the top, the bottom's full!
Go on! Go on! tho' hard the pull,
And when you've reach'd the topmost round,
With face aglow then look around,
Upon the whitened fields below;
With comrades few then straightway go,
And reap the ripened grain,
Awaiting those who train.

THE LIBERTINE

It is his headstrong, hellish ways,
That brings the short'ning of his days.
God ne'er ordained that man should live,
And service to the Devil give.

Down into hell he quickly goes;
His many sins are countless foes.
He thought they were his kindest friends,
Until his life so quickly ends.

Now conscious of rejecting One,
God's only begotten Son;
He sees all that he would have been—
This Libertine, who lived in sin.

FIRST TOUCH

I'd rather have one shell plucked from old ocean's
brine,
Than ten by a hand that wasn't mine;
For when I pick it from the sand,
And feel its presence in my hand,
It sings its song, how it rolled along
Beneath the wave, till it found its grave,
And I picked it up, this shining cup.
It appeals to me, with its melody;
And my soul can sing, to my God and King,
For the lesson taught, that the first touch brought,
I would misunderstand, if a second hand.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

'Tis Lake Itasca starts the stream along,
A brook at first but singing its sweet song;
From right to left on either hand,
Receiving streams that make it grand;
And town and city here and there o'erlook a river
that is fair,
Broadening, deepening unto its mammoth mouth,
Drives its silver wedge in blue waters of the south;
Shining, shimmering 'neath the gentle breeze,
Upon its mighty bosom floats the commerce of the
seas.

O Mississippi River, you almost traverse the land!
We are grateful to the Giver for your stretch of
beauty grand;
For the many crops that flourish all along your
lovely banks,
For the millions that you nourish though you
sometimes play your pranks,
Overflowing much of country, causing death and
dearth and pain,
But we must confess we love thee, thinking of the
earth you drain.

NEW YORK

Like diamond studded shafts that rise,
Tall buildings greet the trav'ler's eyes.
When you come to New York at night
You'll ne'er forget the lovely sight.

Here come the ships from all the world!
The flags of nations are unfurled.
Here rumble trains above, below,
You have your choice of how to go.

Here aeroplanes above you fly,
And here the surface cars go by.
And here's the buss, if you should choose,
And hourly papers give the news.

And preachers preach in church and street,
The message of the gospel sweet;
And sinners trust the Lord and live,
And service to the Saviour give.

Here parks and galleries of art,
Here music that doth touch the heart.
Here are the books for you to read,
And everything that mortals need.

Here rivers great, and bridges, too,
Add more of heaven to the view;
For one sees much in New York bay,
The crafts and islands far away.

The islands decked in living green,
Surrounded by a silv'ry sheen.
And millions come and millions go;
This is New York, I've found it so.

BUILD SOMETHING USEFUL

Build something useful,
What will it be?
A life to bless the world and me,
Built on the Rock of ages tried,
'Twill stand the test of wind and tide.

BAPTISM

He who would stop at the water's edge,
Just there forgets to God his pledge,
To go where he would have him go,
Or do what he would have him do.
For Jesus went beneath the wave,
To represent to us the grave,
That closes all from mortal sight;
He did it, yes, because 'twas right,
An act of righteousness fulfill'd;
Then should we stop, and be self-will'd.
Then coming up to represent,
The body raised then after death.
The act approv'd, God him sent
The Holy Ghost and said:
"This is my beloved Son,
In whom I am well pleased."

THE INEVITABLE

All their pomp and all their pow'r go down,
When kings forget that Jesus wears the crown.

THE BEGGAR

Look now upon my rags,
Behold they stream in tags,
My shirt is torn,
My pants are worn,
My hat has gone to seed.
Please sir, will you a nickle give
A hungry man to feed?

I will not give you aught for drink,
But I will give you thought to think.
Trust Jesus Christ—he'll care for you,
He trusts the Lord and finds him true.
How better could I help another
Than tell him how to be a brother?
Or tell her how to be a sister,
When other souls have spurned and hissed her?

THE TREE AND I

The maker of the tree made me,
How close we are of kin!
Thou had'st no need of Calvary,
But I knew sin.

THE WORLD WAR

Men like grass were mowed,
Blood like water flowed,
More than four years,
The world in tears,
'Till justice came,
In freedom's name;
Thank God, it's over, this war, forever!
The kaiser's crown has tumbled down.

THE BEST

To pinch one's stomach, to feast one's ear,
Is not so bad as not to hear
The best in music and in song,
Which really to the soul belong.
So I will hear the best there is,
Rememb'ring that the gifts are His,
Who gave the talents to us all,
The very great as well as small,
And they should give their best to Him,
Who gave his Best to die for them.

GOD'S GRINDING

God ground me and I wondered why,
My blessed Lord could be so rude,
He answered me with this reply,
"Because I found thee very crude."

He ground me till my soul did shine,
I chafed no more beneath the pain,
Because there was something to refine,
His grinding was not found in vain.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

Those unknown dead, how brave they were,
What caused their very hearts to stir?
'Twas freedom calling thru the world,
That all their strength at bondage hurl'd,
And rent the galling chains in two,
That would have shackled me and you.
We see them dying in our stead,
And honor now the unknown dead.

PARK RAPIDS BUSINESS HOUSES

GLANTZ BROTHERS

Take a glance at Glantz's,
For here you take no chances;
For what you buy will satisfy,
And please well, that all you tell
Will come and do, as well as you
In groceries, and dry goods, too.

LINDQUIST AND JACOBS

Lindquist and Jacobs are not men's foes,
As long as they sell the Kuppenheimer clothes.
For ev'ry suit they sell they give a guarantee,
And they are not high, on ev'rything you see.
For anything you choose in all the clothing
line,
The Star Brand shoes which are so very fine.
When you are in the town, be sure to trade
with them,
They are just as fair to her as they are fair to
him.

JOHNSON'S DRUG STORE

Not gin in jugs, but good pure drugs,
To make you well: He has to sell,
These drugs at Johnson's store you'll find,
He has the best of ev'ry kind.

QUICK SERVICE STORE

You're quick to buy,
He's quick to sell,
The reason why,
He treats you well,
And what he sells is very fine,
The best in all the groc'ry line.

THE PARK RAPIDS HARDWARE COMPANY BARTOSH

Remember Bartosh, the Hardware man,
Who sells ev'rything from a stove to a can,
And he sells so cheap you can hardly know how,
But he sells such a heap and he sells right now.
When you are in the town, be sure to come around,
He may act like a clown, but you'll find him very
sound.

SWEET VOICES

I've heard sweet Melba's faultless note,
And Galli Curci's painted throat.
And how Caruso charm'd my ear,
And Patti's voice so sweet and clear!
And Tetrazzini sings with ease,
The numbers that so many please.
And Schuman-Heink I'll ne'er forget,
Her great voice lingers with me yet.
And Sembrich's quality has rung,
Throughout the world in many a tongue.
And Scotti's notes are always known,
So soft and velvety his tone.
God bless the messages they bring,
Who bring the tears whene'er they sing.

A PRAYER FOR THE PASTOR

Touch his lips with holy fire
From Thine altar gracious Lord,
And his heart with love inspire,
Help him preach Thy Holy Word.

BLUE

I spill'd some ink that made me think,
For that old ink was blue,
A great round spot upon my cot,
And it took that same hue.

I spill'd some more upon the floor,
And said, now that won't do.
I got a mop, to clean the slop,
And both of them were blue.

And on the rug so neat and snug,
I spilled that liquid true.
I got a pan like any man,
And then the pan was blue.

I got a rag and I did brag,
I said now I'll fix you.
How I did rub without a tub,
And then the rag was blue.

And as I wash'd the water splashed,
And there came to my view,
I saw my hands and said, my lands!
Now both my hands are blue.

And in a pail it did not fail,
The water took the hue.
I pour'd it out, beyond all doubt,
And thought that it was thru,
When I looked there, the snow once fair,
Was very, very blue.

I cast my eyes up to the skies,
And said there's something new,
To my surprise like my girl's eyes,
The skies above were blue.

PONSFORD PEOPLE

Mildred and Bunny are sweet as honey,
Wardy and Sonny think this is funny.
I love you four, and many more,
For I love all, both large and small.

DOCTOR POPE

God bless you Doctor Pope,
We have a steadfast hope,
In only One, God's only Son,
An anchor to the soul,
While stormy billows roll.
For it will never fail,
But enters thru the veil,
To that that is within, where there is no more
sin.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

Come with redeeming love
Upon your lips to speak,
And point to God above,
Who would the Saviour seek.
And not in vain will be,
The meeting at the church,
If you will constantly,
Go for the lost to search.

THE GIDEONS

What men e'er dared when they were few,
The Bible o'er the earth to strew?
But faith they had and so they grew,
And like the birds away they flew,
And dropped a Bible here and there,
And circled all the world with prayer.
So where you go the world around,
The blessed Bible can be found.

And men took up the Book and read,
And to the Saviour they were led,
Upon the cross, who for them died,
And rose that they be justified.
And souls to Jesus have been won,
By what the Gideons have done.
And God has blessed the Gideon band,
Who dared for righteousness to stand.

MISTER AND MISSIS CODY

Mister Cody and his wife,
Bring messages that cheer the life;
For Ponsford people gladly sing,
When you preach Jesus Christ, the King.
So come again whene'er you can,
And preach again salvation's plan.

PRAYER

Our pray'rs in vain unless we work,
When we can, work for things we ask for things
we pray,
And pray'r becomes to us a task, as just so many
words to say.
'Tis God's to do what mortals can't,
And cause the weary heart to chant.

GET A WOMAN'S EYE

Get a woman's eye and you've got her purse,
For she will buy anything but a hearse,
No matter how high she's all the worse.
And if the're things she can't afford,
These things she'll buy in heaps and hoard.

And when she drives you to the wall,
She'll ask you if you've given all,
And if you answer yes, she'll bawl,
And turn your pockets wrong side out,
And look as though she had a doubt.

And if you have a cent she'll say,
I have so many bills to pay,
She might as well have her own way.
But husbands if you'll be as wise,
As the merchant who sells all she buys,
You'll not say wife you are a curse.
Get a woman's eye and you've got her purse,
For she will buy anything but a hearse.

EASTER GREETINGS

Thanks to thee my worthy friend,
For the message thou didst send.
My wish for thee this Eastertide,
Is that thy joys be multiplied,
And that the resurrection story
May fill thy soul anew with glory.

PRAISE

Praise God in heaven above,
For His Great Gift of love!

A WARNING TO THE FISH

Lookout bass! Lookout pike!
Whenever the city folks take a hike,
It won't pay you in your best dike,
For they'll get you with a hook or a spike,
And when you find yourself in a pan,
You'll wish you were a trav'ling man.

MY FATHER

My father did his best,
Before he went to rest,
And conquer'd ev'rything
That did not honor bring,
To Jesus Christ his King.
His faith was in the Lord,
Who gives now reward.

THE REMEDY

If from your heart the birds have flown,
And music is no longer known,
Just think of Him who died for thee,
And all your troubles then will flee.
The birds will come again and sing,
And turn your winter into spring.

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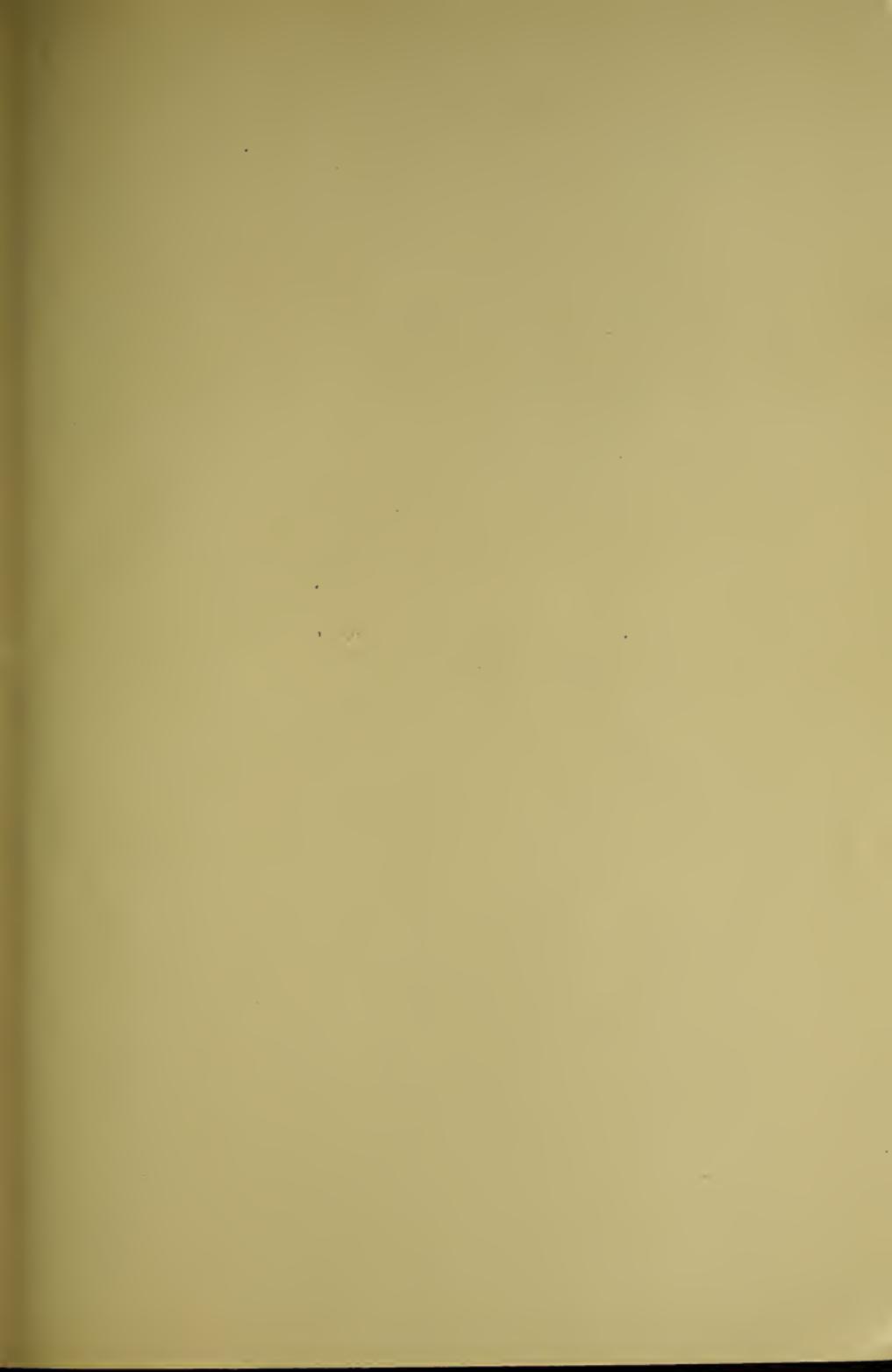
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